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"Brother, if your Christ be the Atoning Lamb,
The Only-Begotten of the Great I Am;
The Rock of Ages cleft for you,
And you say my Christ would never do.
Follow your Christ and give me your hand.

Brother, if my Christ be the great Ideal
The possibility of the race made real,
The lowly man of Galilee,
And I say, your Christ would not help me,
Leave me my Christ—but give me your hand."

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley.

LOYALTY.

In a recent address Ex-Senator Root made a declaration with which the people of this country generally agree, and with which the judgment of The Pacific is that all ought to agree. It was: "Before the decision of a proposal to make war, men may range themselves upon one side or the other of the question; but after the decision in favor of war the country has ranged itself, and the only issue left for the individual citizen to decide is whether he is for or against his country. From that time on, arguments against the war in which the country is engaged are enemy arguments. "A democracy which cannot accept its own decisions made in accordance with its own laws, but must keep on endlessly discussing the questions already decided, has failed in the fundamental requirements of self-government; and, if the decision is to make war, the failure to exhibit capacity for self-government by action will inevitably result in the loss of the right of self-government."

While holding to this unalterably as something by which all should stand and by which they should govern themselves and direct their actions, we do not believe that it justifies the branding as disloyal of some of the persons whom the overzealous seek now and then so to brand. There is need for sanity. There will be greater need for it after this country has been in the war a few months more. Every day the evidence multiplies that the moral damage of war is spreading among Christian people. We saw a letter from the East recently in which there was evidence of the deep wound and hurt one minister had given another by a newspaper attack—the one as thoroughly loyal as the other, according to the judgment of unbiased minds.

There is a prevalent disposition to look with suspicion on all persons who were pronounced pacifists before our country entered the war. "President Wilson was a pacifist but not an extreme one," says some one. Yes; and there is bitterness toward him in the hearts of many. Only a few weeks ago we heard a man declare that the blood of thousands of our brave boys would be on his head; because he did not lead the nation sooner into the conflict.

Mr. Bryan put himself behind the Government for a vigorous prosecution of the war as soon as war was declared. But witness that mob action in Toronto, Canada, and the approval of it from some sources in the United States!

Witness also the treatment which has been accorded Professor Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, as he has sought to aid the Government by addresses in some of the service campaigns in the East! There is war hysteria, and there is grave danger that there will be more of it. Surely the call is to Christians that they guard carefully their utterances and actions, so as not to be disloyal to Christ by their treatment of their brethren, in their efforts to be loyal to their country and to give all needed aid.

THE ATTITUDE OF A GREAT BRITISH RELIGIOUS JOURNAL AS TO IRISH CONSCRIPTION.

The British Weekly, one of the leading religious journals of England, declares that "it becomes clearer day by day that Irish conscription cannot be carried out as things are." The Weekly goes on to say: "We appreciate the feeling that the absence of the Irish from the army is deplorable. We know that it excites great resentment. But the British sense of fair-play comes in. Let it be remembered how the Irish have been treated. They have had Home Rule put on the statute books three and a half years, and it has never gone further. An agreement was effected between Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Redmond. Lord Lansdowne and other persons destroyed this agreement, with small protest from the Government at the time. This was one of the maddest and most wicked acts perpetrated during the war. The authorities criminally discouraged Irish recruiting. In spite of all, multitudes of noble and gallant Irishmen have given their lives in the fight for freedom. By conscription we shall enter on a fresh chapter of wreck and tragedy. We shall alienate a generous, passionate, vindictive and lightning-blooded race. There can be no conscription worthy the name without a generous measure of Home Rule. Even then it can best be left to an Irish Parliament."

Several weeks ago The Pacific expressed the judgment that the Irish people ought to accept conscription. But they will not do it. Nor will they accept Home Rule in any such manner and extent as it has been offered to them of late.

No government ever had a more difficult problem than the British Government now has as to Ireland. This may be a rock that will wreck the Lloyd George government. From several sources of late have come intimations that the British Premier gives indications of less balance and fine judgment than aforetime—that the great strain to which he has been subjected in the prosecution of the war is beginning to show in varied ways its disastrous results.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

A British soldier, home from the war with one arm missing, persists in saying, "I did not lose it; I gave it."

More than two hundred women from the United States are now engaged in Y. M. C. A. canteen work in France.

More than one hundred students in a college at Canton, China, have accepted Christ in meetings held by Sherwood Eddy.

A writer in London Opinion says: "During the long agony I have met men who doubted and despaired. I have never met one woman who dreamed of doubting or despairing."

In one of the great camps in Texas the Knights of Co-

lumbus halls are not visited by the Catholic soldiers in any large numbers. They say that they do not want sectarian segregation.

The war has brought wide spread luxurious living in Japan. This is said to be due to the manner of spending on the part of the newly-rich—this having caught the fancy of the general public.

Brigadier-General Blanding says: "The Three Hundred and Seventieth Infantry are as fine a set of soldiers as I ever hope to command. Their work along military lines as well as their personal conduct, has been beyond reproach." He speaks concerning Negro soldiers. The first of this year there were 83,600 Negroes in service. Aptly has it been said: "The colored race has never failed in the hour of their country's peril to do their part. They know but one flag, the flag that made them free."

The summer session of the University of California opens on the 24th of June and continues to August 3. Last year there were more than three times as many women as men in attendance, the figures being 3062 women and 917 men. The University has been holding regular summer sessions since 1900. This year one will be held in Los Angeles as well as in Berkeley. The railroads give a one and one-third rate, not only to those who come as students but also to members of their families who may accompany them.

In an address to women, a few days ago, Miss Julia C. Lathrop, who is at the head of the children's bureau of the Federal Department of Labor said: "If 'comfortable women' in truth desire 'to help Democracy prevail,' they must undertake the long insistent, stern task of abolishing poverty. We must be willing to work and sacrifice and vote for democratic standards of life, for conditions of work which do not carelessly destroy the health of workers and for pay which makes independent self-respecting life possible for the family. The hazards of peace need safeguarding as do the risks of war. A great London merchant said lately that the luxury trade was gone in the London shops. It will be well for us if it goes in our shops. If we decide that the abolition of poverty is a necessity of the democratic state and not an unattainable luxury, it can be accomplished in our own day, even in the throes of war. This is a great task, but women can no longer hold aloof from any of the great tasks of social justice."

The First Christian Church of Bellingham, Washington, has given the Mormon elders the privilege of using its baptismal fort. The Christian Statesman, the organ of the National Reform Association of which Association the Rev. Dr. Minton, formerly president of the San Francisco Theological Seminary, is president, has long been leading in a crusade against Mormonism, as something dangerous to American institutions. There is being published now in The Christian Statesman a series of articles with the caption "Treason by Divine Right—A Study of the Pretensions and Practices of the Mormon Kingdom in the United States." President Crane, the head of the Mormon Church in Montana, declared recently as to Mormonism that "the time will soon come when all prejudice will be overcome." In the Christian Statesman for May there was commenced a serial story entitled "My Life in a Mormon Harem." An announcement concerning it states that there will be a chapter with the caption, "Polygamist State Still," in which will be told how secret polygamist crimes are still perpetrated under the leadership of President Joseph F. Smith, who drives up and down the city road in Salt Lake City with four wives in an automobile."

IS THE LIFE OF THE AVERAGE BUSINESS MAN A DESIRABLE ONE?

Two weeks ago The Pacific quoted from a recent book by Mr. George Lansbury, a philanthropic retired business man of considerable prominence in England. We find him declaring in that book that the life of the average business man is not a desirable one. We quote now as follows:

"The men who conduct large or small businesses often endure all 'the torments of the damned,' in their anxiety and worry to keep things straight. The more good-hearted they are and the more they strive to be honest, the more difficult and stormy their path through life becomes. There is very little mercy in business, and precious little consideration for other people; and this, because men are fearful of tomorrow. We all forget the beautiful saying of Jesus: 'Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not neither do they spin; yet I say unto you Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' Or that other great saying: 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

"Those who have risen from the ranks of the workers are most fearful. To them life is usually one long determined fight against any chance of falling back into the ranks of labor, and an effort to save their children from ever becoming mere wage-earners. Consequently business has become a sort of accentuated class war; or rather a fight between warring sections of the same class, each striving to supplant the other. The shopkeepers of almost every class lead the narrowest kind of lives. All their woking hours are spent in an endeavor to find new means by which they can induce people to buy things (often things which the buyers do not really want), and in a great effort, not only to retain their position, but to improve it.

"The mania for advertising, the craze for new methods of boosting wares, gives rise to what amounts to wholesale lying by means of specious advertising "

Mr. Lansbury says that he was dining once with a well-known British social worker, a man who had spent a large fortune in investigating social and industrial conditions. After dinner the question of commercial morality was discussed at considerable length. Mr. Lansbury contended that all modern business necessitated lying in one form or another until the business became a first-class monopoly, when because of the power monopoly gives, all that was needed was to fling the goods on the market—success usually coming then only by the merciless use of the power which monopoly gives.

As the discussion went on the lady of the house where the question was discussed became much distressed and appealed to her husband for an opinion as to whether it was actually true that lying was a necessary part of business. The husband hestiated, but finally replied that "when business was conducted **men did not tell all the truth**; but that as all business men knew this, it was not really lying in the ordinary sense."

Mr. Lansbury writes as to this: "I could not answer except by saying that the fact that we all tolerate such an unreal and deceptive condition of affairs was in my opinion the greatest condemnation of our present commercial methods. And so it is, for it stamps us all as deceivers and makes a business just a battle of wits in which cupidity stands the best chance of success."

It is the judgment of this writer whose book we have been studying that a social investigation into the life and labor of the business and possessing classes would disclose considerable of value: "I am sure that we should discover from such an inquiry that the rich people are no more contented and happy than the rest of us—that riches not earned by actual productive labor are Dead Sea fruit, and

that life for the rich is one long weary search for happiness which never comes their way for any length of time. We should discover, too, that more and more people are becoming dissatisfied with their lives, that scrambling for "wealth" (which is not **wealth** in any good sense of the word) is a kind of existence which takes the joy out of life."

All in all Mr. Lansbury concludes: "We men who have been and still are in business must realize that money is not wealth, that a nation may have great banks with huge stores of gold, may have within its ranks men and women who own great possessions of material things, but may have also multitudes of those who have nowhere to lay their heads. A nation in such a plight is not rich, but very poor, for it has not learnt the simple lesson that the true law of life is to give."

Nor has it learned, he says, that "gold is not God." "Going about London I often notice the manner in which gold is splashed about in order to impress us with its value. Our grand cathedral church has its cross of gold and its towers gilded with the same metal; the new Courts of Justice at the Old Bailey are crowned by a figure of gold, as if the one object of adoration and power in the city of London were gold."

Business men, he declares, must change all this if the nation is to live. "Their clever ingenious brains must be used to amass happiness for all, not gold for themselves and misery for their neighbors."

SOMETHING NEW IN A WOMAN'S SOUL.

A New York woman who is working at a Y. M. C. A. canteen in France has written to her mother that she had never thought in her former years at home that she could be as happy as she now is. We quote from her letter:

"At present I am only fourteen kilometers from the trenches, and I can hear the big guns booming away. Airplanes fly over so often that we no longer pay any attention to them. Today the raid alarm rang, but our old janitor said: 'No use to run unless a whole flock of them come.' So I went right on serving hot chocolate, and no 'flock' came. This is a quaint old town, but I feel sorry for the inhabitants with an army swooping down upon them and their peace and quiet very seriously interfered with—though they say the only peaceful moments they have experienced have been brought by the Americans. They do not think the Boches will come while the Americans are here. I am attached to this division (the Rainbow) and go where they go.

"We move next week, and I hear indirectly that I am to have a big officers' canteen. I almost hope it won't come true; it is so interesting to be with 'the boys.' The little maid calls me each morning at seven and brings hot water. I arise 'betimes,' bathe and dress, and go to the canteen. Except for an hour at noon I am there until eight o'clock, when I come home and tumble into bed, all tired out. Those first days I felt so sick, my feet hurt so; but now I am all right.

"Mother, I didn't suppose it would ever be possible for me to be as happy as I am now—something wonderful has come into my soul. I am not afraid of anything, and I'm so delightfully overworked. . . . The boys are outside the door in the morning waiting for us and they keep us going from morning until night. There are many types—all sorts. There are those who cling to us because we represent 'home.' They yearn for their homes, and their thoughts turn to the time when once more they'll be with their loved ones. But the majority are fully intent upon their grim work, and filled with a magnificent spirit. Some are so tough that I do not see how a bullet ever could hurt 'em They come back with their stories of exploits, fairly revelling in their experiences: 'Gee, they certainly gave us hell out there today,' followed by picturesque narratives of their eventful career. They are cheerful and full of fight.

"All of them carry a photograph, a girl usually. We look at a picture and remark, 'What a sweet face!' or something of that sort, which inspires the soldier to sit down and tell all about 'her.' They talk and talk and talk, and I love them all. . . . The French have given us a chapel for our recreation hall. Here we hold gatherings of various sorts, perhaps a concert, a moving picture show. Hundreds come there—not only our men, but French, Italians, Algerians, Cingalese; many races are gathered and all in one cause. Back of the altar there is a copy of Murillo's Assumption. And the Blessed Virgin with her eyes turned to Heaven has never had such guests before. The chapel was once an old chateau occupied at one time by Emperor Napoleon—I don't know which Napoleon.

"The streets are always filled with soldiers. Early in the morning I hear the shuffle, shuffle of marching men, and in the night and early morning the ammunition trucks rumble by. Motorcycles with baby carriage attachments whiz along, flivvers flash by, and the other day I got a shock when a touring car came purring around the corner. I certainly did long to put my hands on that wheel and have a spin. . . . I could run on for a long time, but I must go to sleep so as to be strong for tomorrow. There is no Sunday rest for the Y. M. C. A.'s. We have to work harder than ever to keep the boys amused and out of mischief. Lots of them go to church; others don't. I feel sorry for everyone who isn't at the front."

"NUMBER, PLEASE?"

A news item from Paris says: "Nothing ever made an American in France so homesick as did the thirty-three 'hello' girls who have been recruited in America as part of a detachment of phone operators for service with the A. E. F. and wro arrived a few days ago. It seems that an American in Paris can readily agree to tolerate almost anything but the telephone service, and the sight of the genuine 'Number, please' squad was like a sweet breath from home—a reminder of the days when telephoning was anything but the effort it is today.

"The girls arrived in Paris looking genuinely pretty. They were greeted with whoops from the United States soldiers who went to meet them. They were posed and photographed and feted and what not. To the staring Parisians who gazed at their smart uniforms and blue campaign hats they were indeed strange. A Parisian claims that French girls would be sad failures in such masculine attire and he therefore looks with displeasure on anything that detracts from the femininity of a woman. But there is no happier lot in France today than that phone using portion of the A. E. F."

In our moral life we may always be hopeful. Confidence is half the victory. The stern resolution to succeed, to be the nobler man, to attain somewhat nearer to the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus, is an earnest of success. Everything favors moral victory when we really wish it—our past successes because they have worn the path smoother, our failures because they have driven us back into the path. Let each year mean spiritual gain.—George D. Latimer.

PROFITEERING IN ITALY.

Correspondence from Italy about the middle of April disclosed the fact that sensational revelations were being made in the local press about the profits of middlemen, especially in animal food. It was stated that the lamb market had been cornered, and that the middlemen were selling lamb to retailers at $1 60 a pound, for which they had paid 12 cents. The retailers added 40 cents a pound, and so the price to the consumer was $2 a pound. The correspondent stated:

"Strangely enough no action has yet been taken against the denounced middlemen while hoarding is being repressed in a half hearted way, despite the fact that all the shops and restaurants raided afforded convincing proof that cheese, fats and foodstuffs of every description are being hidden and sold at fancy prices. A few arrests have been made, but the measures so far adopted are inadequate to improve existing conditions.

"As the patience of citizens is well nigh exhausted, it is feared that popular dissatisfaction and resentment will lead to disorders and thus weaken national resistance at a time when the situation is apt to become serious owing to an impending offensive on the Italian front. Radical and energetic measures are therefore imperative."

THE LIMITATIONS OF POVERTY.

By The Rev. Charles Stelzle.

The real curse of poverty is not so much the lack of money as it is the lack of opportunity. Broadly speaking, no man was ever made happy by wealth, and no man was ever made unhappy by poverty. It is the opportunities to broaden life that come with wealth which give a greater chance for happiness; and it is the limitations of poverty that cause misery.

The worst kind of poverty is that which calls for the sacrifice of the inner life. It is bad enough to have the body go hungry, but it is far worse to starve the soul. And this is the condition of great numbers of the poverty-stricken. There are really four classes of people in the world; the poor poor—those who have no money and practically nothing else; the rich poor—those who have no money but who have an appreciation of many of the other things in life; the poor rich—those who have money but do not enjoy the refinements of the world; and the rich rich—those who have money as well as appreciation of the better things of life. The last class are the happiest, but they constiute a very small percentage of the people. The great mass may be called the poor poor; and they are not always so by reason of their own fault. For the crushing blows of abject poverty have been such as to reduce them to the lowest levels of appreciation. For them, life has become simply a physical struggle and only the instinct of self-preservation impels them to continue the fight.

Ambition can live only when the worker has an opportunity for self-expression. It will not suffice to say that any man or woman who has the qualifications may still get to the top. We are not dealing with exceptional people; we are dealing with the masses, who, it must be confessed in all frankness, are very ordinary, but who, nevertheless, are human beings who have a right to live. Not all the poor have the power of initiative, but even though they had, physical disability due to poverty or sickness may prevent them from executing their wills. Large numbers of the poor cannot afford to rest during times of illness. They must keep on, for to stop means even greater poverty than they are enduring. It is this inability properly to care for themselves physically that results in an early death or at best an old age at a time when they should be enjoying the vigor of full manhood and womanhood.

It is true that some have risen from the ranks of poverty to positions of great power and influence, but in very rare cases did these come from the class who are cursed with the extreme poverty found in our cities. Most of them, it will be discovered, came from the farm where even though they may not have had the advantages of good clothing and education, they nevertheless developed strong bodies which gave them the power to struggle against the most adverse circumstances. Those who have risen from poverty to high positions in life had this physical capital to bank upon, thus possessing an asset of which the tenement-bred children, for the most part, are deprived.

"A COUNTY FOR A PARISH."

(Among the addresses listened to with thoughful interest at the meeting last week in Berkeley of the Northern California Congregational Conference was the one given "Home Missionary Evening" by the Rev. Harold E. Anderson of Weaverville. It was a graphic word-picture of work as he has experienced it in the far reaches of that mountain country. We give it here, confident that it will have hearty welcome by many of the readers of The Pacific.—Editor.)

I have been asked to speak this evening about a bit of California where the prospector with his pack and pan continues to trudge along its waterways in quest of the Dust. An isolation of fifty miles from a railroad, with a mountain barrier between, has tended to conserve the primitive type and viewpoint of the '49er. Some of the earliest discoveries of gold were made in this county and men of that time are still with us.

The county seat has had an organized church for many years, but with the long distances and difficult mountain roads, most of the county has been deprived of church privilege. A single service in a decade is not an uncommon illustration of the need. It is the urgency of such a call that makes a county a parish. But nature has endowed the country with rare beauty. Its Colorado-blue, green hills, and the white tops of the higher peaks are ever a charm; and in the springtime the hillsides are painted with a great variety of flowers and the air laden with their fragrance, while now and then a deer comes into view.

The county not only lacks railroads but even wagon roads are at a premium. Many of the places are only accessible by trails around steep hillsides. In making some of these more isolated communities Old Dobbin is the only means of transit. The following is typical of this part of the county: We have arranged for services at Big Bar, Burnt Ranch, Hyampoom and Hayfork. I saddle my cayuse and jog along over the hills past the giant hydraulics of the La Grange mine to North Fork, some 18 miles. The wagon road comes to an abrupt halt at this point and we wind around the hillsides along the Trinity River to the Big Bar Ranch 10 miles further on. The large hearted and genial host has opened the parlors of his inn for my service. At a somewhat late hour the congregation assembles with its mixture of Indian, half-breed and white. One woman with her boy has traveled ten miles over a steep, mountain trail to be at the meeting with her hungry life. The surveying crew for the new highway from Lower Trinity to Redding are also present—making a most com-

plex but responsive audience. One of the company can play chords and the service begins. It is essentially impressive with its sacred trust of making real the old story to hearts virgin to its revelation. The rough trip of 28 miles has been a small price for the privilege of that hour. The next morning, bright and early, we jog on to the Burnt Ranch school house—across the crazy, swaying, rusty, squeeking suspension bridge—around the Devil's Slide, with its narrow, grooved trail around its glassy precipitous sides with an almost sheer descent of about 100 feet, on to the little 2x4 adobe school house. We find the meeting has been arranged at a more central point 15 miles beyond. The horse and his rider stop for refreshment. An Indian woman, with care and neatness, prepares the meal—simple but how good after that hard jaunt. Whether a study of the conservation rules had been made we don't know, but we ate corn bread with a slice of salt pork, onions, salt and black coffee. In the saddle again for the last 15 miles, 7 of which are made on the State highway. We have been inviting the people along the way. One young man ventured the query, "How much does it cost to get in?" It was not a fair and I could aver there was no exit fee either. The school house was crowded and the interest keen. I had traveled 45 miles that day in the saddle; so, after the meeting I enjoyed my rest. The next day I crossed the trail over to Hyampoom, where I found the Sunday school that we organized in the summer still running. This was a journey of 40 miles. The Hyampoom Valley is one of the most needy and inaccessible points in the county. Everything to eat or wear comes in on pack animals. It is to be hoped that the prospective road—partly built—will be speedily completed. The next day we rode 36 miles to Hayfork—the country of the greatest promise in the county. This broad valley with its grain fields is a most refreshing sight. Prospects are on foot for conserving its water and irrigating several thousand acres of new land. The future will make this the center of Christian effort with its stable agricultural resources.

Twenty-nine miles in the saddle the next day brings us again to the home field in time for my Sunday services. The whole trip totaled 178 miles.

The Home Missionary Society has enabled the pastor to invest in an automobile—or better still a Ford. It is proving itself a most indispensible adjunct to his work over the county—saving a good deal of wear and tear of body as well as the tremendous increase in his efficiency. There is one point, at Ruth 80 miles away (over a mountain road to be sure) that I can make in a day and hold service the same night. Seven or eight other points, ranging from 6 to 30 miles, become accessible and some are conveniently placed with a Sunday service between the regular meetings of the home field.

We have a Sunday school at the largest hydraulic mine in the world, which I had the privilege of organizing last fall. It was a delight to meet the need of those families whose sole opportunity of Christian nurture is found in the work we started.

The parish is a large one and full of privilege, if the Christian ministry is to be best interpreted in terms of service.

We are not our own masters, we are children and servants and we depend upon the will of another. Our eating and drinking, our sleeping and waking, our holiday making and our labor —all should be done in the consciousness of God, our Father and Lord. The thought of God should sound continually like low music in the background of our spirits, and should form the keynote of all our thinking, feeling, and willing.—A. Tholuck.

THE STATE OF THE CHURCHES.

From the Report Presented by Superintendent Leland D. Rathbone at the Meeting of the Northern California Conference.

Survey of the Churches.

At the request of the Provisional Committee the superintendent has prepared this more than usual survey of the whole field of the Conference and its churches. The year 1917 showed the largest net gain in membership of the churches of this Conference since 1908. Indeed, of the difference in the care with which the rolls of the churches are revised now as compared with ten years ago should be taken into consideration, the encouragement of this year's growth would be evident. The benevolences of the churches in 1917 stood at $29,156, a gain of $500.00 over 1916 and of $1,400 over 1915. The amount lacks several thousand dollars of what it ought to be, however, the average being now only 4c per member per week.

We are all well aware that statistics do not tell the whole truth about any church or group of churches, and that there are many additional remarks that can be made about each church in this Conference that cannot be shown in figures. Notwithstanding this, we may be sure that there are many profitable things that can be learned from statistics. With this in mind tables have been prepared, showing the comparative statistics with regard to four vital facts in the life of every church. The first of these is the total number of additions to the church and the additions on confession of faith. This is the most important fact in the record of any church. A church that has not vitality enough to be self-propagating is in a very poor way. The second is the size of the Sunday-school as compared with the membership of the church; a very important fact in most churches in that the Sunday-school furnishes the field in which the major part of its evangelistic effort may and should be put forth most effectually. The third fact is the amount of money spent during the year for home expenses; and the last, but by no means the least important, is the amount of money given per week per resident member for denominational benevolences. This is a vital fact, no matter if some do not so consider it, for the church is frequently prospered in proportion as it helps others. The tables showing the above facts cover every church in the Conference, the churches having been separated into six groups for the purpose of comparison, in accordance with their membership. A chart of these groups is herewith presented as a part of this report:

Congregational Churches of Northern California.

Number	Additions	Con. Faith	Sunday School	Current Ex.	Benevolence
134	.092	.047	.84	$13.12	.04
	First Group, Over 500 Members.				
5	.068	.033	.44	14.50	.063
	Second Group, 250-500 Members.				
9	.10	.06	.71	12.00	.034
	Third Group, 150-200 Members.				
20	.117	.056	.90	12.35	.031
	Fourth Group, 50-150 Members.				
41	.133	.078	1.04	16.7	.023
	Fifth Group, Under 50 Members.				
36	.122	.062	2.29	17.40	.022
	Sixth Group, Churches Not Running.				
23	477 members. Property, $40,000.				

This table shows several things very clearly: first, that as the churches grow larger the percentage of additions grows smaller; second, that in the same way, on the whole, the gift per member per year for home expenses grows smaller; third, that the ratio between membership and Sunday-school enrollment constantly and very rapidly decreases; and fourth, that when it comes to contributions for benevolences the reverse is true, as the largest gift per week per member is made in the first group of churches. Consideration of these figures makes evident several things, though it may be said that a percentage comparison is not altogether fair, as with a small membership the addition of a few in numbers or a few dollars in contributions rapidly increases the percentage. This is true, but the fact remains that it is the fairest comparison possible, and when the comparison is made between churches in the same group it is very suggestive.

Taking the first column of figures, the percentage of additions decreases rapidly as the size of the church increases. This seems to suggest one very necessary thing that needs to be done in this Conference, and that is to in-

crease the work of the members of the church. There seems to be too much of a spirit in the church as a whole to "let George do it," and in this case George is the pastor. The reverse of this is sometimes true also and George really desires to do it all. Our churches need to feel and practice the responsibility of the members for all sorts of work in the church. This applies to gathering members, to prayer for individuals, and to all sorts of thought for and care of the flock. Our churches need a persistent effort to inculcate lay responsibility in all directions. For example, a determined effort was made to secure laymen for this Conference program, but in spite of this effort the names of twenty-nine ministers appear on the program and of only eleven laymen, some of whom are secretaries.

The importance of the Sunday-school as the field in which the effort of the church may best be put forth for its growth does not seem to be sufficiently understood in our churches. There are occasional ones, like the larger downtown churches in our cities, where this is not so true as it is in general. It is not only a sign of vitality to find a church in which the size of the Sunday-school is large as compared with the church membership, but if carefully planned and worked it is the greatest possible asset to the church and its most promising field of work. There has been increasing consideration given to the importance of the Sunday-school in the days past, but much more remains to be done.

The figures in regard to the expenditure for current expenses and the amounts raised for benevolences merit careful consideration. Contrary to what some have believed, it will be seen that the expense per capita decreases as the size of the church increases. Or, to state it in other words, it is not only brotherly that the fellowship help the smaller churches to bear their burdens by assisting in the support of pastors, but it is only fair that the larger churches should give more largely for benevolence than they now do. In so doing they will in all probability not give more per member in the aggregate than the smaller churches are already giving.

The study of these figures has shown, in addition to what appears on the chart, that there are no churches in groups one and two that have not had additions to their numbers on confession of faith, not so large in some instances as might be wished, but still some, and generally over one per cent. In group three there are but two churches that have had no additions to their membership on confession of faith. In group four the number increases to six, which practically keeps the ratio as in group three, but in group five the number very materially advances, there being in this group twenty-four churches out of thirty-six that have had no additions on confession of faith. Notwithstanding these churches have larger Sunday-schools in proportion to their membership and are for the most part in communities where they have easier access to the people than the larger churches, advantage has not been taken of these conditions. Here lies the need and at the same time the opportunity of the denomination in this Conference. In February the Conference office sent out a letter to all of the churches, enclosing two little pamphlets, "A Program of Evangelism" and "Preparation Classes for Church Membership." It is extremely desirable that this Conference should make some plan by which the strength of the denomination could be applied at this most needy point. The plans suggested in the pamphlets above named will be found to be extremely helpful in correcting this deficiency.

War Service.

The front page of the Conference program bears the names of the ministers of the Conference who are or have been engaged exclusively in war work for a definite period of time. The name of Rev. T. T. Giffen should also be added to these, as he has been loaned by his church for Y. M. C. A. work at Camp Kearny. There are several other pastors who have done more or less of war work, spending from one to several midweeks at the different cantonments. Among such should be mentioned Revs. Geo. E. Atkinson, E. A. King, B. C. Preston, and F. J. Van Horn. The Pilgrim Church of Fresno has also loaned its pastor for three months to the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee to tell of the needs of these stricken people; a most needed and splendid work by both pastor and people.

The service flag of the Conference shows over twelve hundred men in the service of the Government for the war from the churches, Sunday-schools and homes of this Conference. Four women have been reported who are serving as Red Cross nurses, and in addition to the ten or a dozen ministers of the Conference who are engaged in Y. M. C. A. work there are also a number of laymen who are in this work. The gold star on the flag is for those who have passed from our number into the great beyond, having given their lives for their country and the world. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Our churches and pastors generally are doing altogether notable and helpful work in connection with the war. They are many of them leaders in their communities in all good things. One pastor writes of his church, "The northern half of this county has 422 men in the service of the government for the war. Of this number our church and congregation is represented by fifty-four. In the last contingent went our church treasurer and a member of the board of trustees. . . . We have men in the army, navy, aviation, hospital units, every branch. Meanwhile we are keeping the home fires of loyalty and patriotism burning brightly and the church is in the front rank in Y. M. C. A., Red Cross, etc., far exceeding any other church in the county. Of $5,600 subscribed to the Y. M. C. A. $2,000 and more came from this church and congregation." Very similar things could be told of many another church in this Conference.

In this connection it is well to remember that we have a particular connection with the work at Camp Fremont. The War Work Committee of the National Council has agreed that this Conference shall spend so much of the money raised in this Conference on the work there as may seem to be justified. We need the money now. The first contribution for this fund, $25.00, came from a little home missionary church in Sonoma county. The second contribution was also from a little German home missionary church in Tulare county. Let us all fall in line behind these churches. If in proportion to membership we shall do as well we shall raise for this purpose on the Conference nearly $4,000.

Benevolences.

The report of the Proportionate Benevolence Committee to the Conference demands careful consideration. If we are to do our work as a body we must emphasize the work of our mission boards and more adequately prepare for the future. The necessity of careful planning for the Every-Member Drive in the fall and the putting of this plan over is the most important thing before us at this time. Good progress has been made in the past few years, but much remains yet to be done. Like other matters, this depends upon the united service of us all.

The Home Missionary Society.

During the past year the Home Missionary Society has assisted in the support of forty-nine churches and preaching stations. The additions to these churches have been at the rate of 13.2 per cent. The pupils in the Sunday-schools have numbered 3971, 144 per cent of the membership of the churches. The most pressing calls for new work come at this time from those who have more recently come to our shores. Possibly the most striking work of the past year has been the gathering of a church of fifty-four Spanish-speaking members in connection with the Italian church of San Francisco. These brethren have just come to us and need our assistance. There are several other neighborhoods in this part of the state in which these foreign people are asking for our help. The largest community has five hundred children to whom no sort of Sunday-school approach is being made. They are open to our work if we can and will supply them with someone to lead. Reaching out from the center in San Francisco there are today at least five communities in which we might begin work at once if we had the money and the men. If we do not do this work no one will. There is no competition. A work such as this, allowing us to reach those who come to our country to make its future citizens, is as patriotic a service as we can render. The responsibility is ours to see that these people who speak another tongue become loyal fellow-citizens of the country.

In the same way, the Russian-Germans among us are increasing very rapidly and are demanding and rewarding our work with them in no small degree. They are calling for a general missionary whose headquarters shall be at Lodi. As soon as a man can be found this want will be met. The Armenians, also, have largely made up their minds that the future home of many of that race must be in this country. They are coming into Fresno an dTulare counties in large numbers. It looks as if one of the most patriotic, not to say Christian, duties that we may do is to evangelize them as rapidly as we may, but this requires both men and money. It may be interesting to know in this connection that the church in this Conference making the largest addition to its membership was a foreign church, and that among the churches giving the most per capita for their own work the one standing third was also a for-

eign-speaking church. With the needs of the field, the response of the people, and the patriotic purpose urging us to this work it would seem that more emphasis should be placed upon it in the future than in the past. It would seem that we should enter only doors where we are needed, rather than to force ourselves into places where we shall be overcrowding.

Cutler Fund.

The operation of the Cutler Fund has been exceedingly interesting. The fund has allowed the Society this last year to assist five different fields that otherwise would not have helped. It has allowed the Society to assist in making repairs and to advance money for another church, pending the receipt of money that was coming to them. It has also allowed it to make certain investments to assist two of our city extension societies in the forwarding of their work. Such funds as these, administered as they are by a competent board of trustees, afford the opportunity for those who wish to keep on working here when they have passed on to the life beyond.

Pastors and People.

The unusual demands of the times have caused almost every pastor in the Conference to ask himself the question whether he may not do some other work more effectively than the work he is doing. These conditions have made many of our churches very willing to loan their pastors for unusual and long-continued work away from their parishes. The superintendent desires to say to pastors and people that he has never known a time when there has been so much real sympathy between pastors and people at this time. The hearts of men everywhere are turning to God and they are desirous of leaning upon the certainties of His word. Many a pastor has chosen the more prosaic duty where he would have been glad to do the thing his heart has impulsively inclined him to do. The people are responding to this attitude. Within a few days there has been received at the Conference office a letter from a prosaic church treasurer who says of his pastor and the pastor's wife, "Mr. and Mrs. X—— are grand people. I love them and all the people of this community love them, too." Let it be noted that this treasurer is not a woman, either. As a whole, the past year, in spite of some discouragements and many deficiencies, has been a good one and real progress has been made. We may take heart and go forward.

BRITISH WORKMEN REQUEST LLOYD GEORGE NOT TO FORCE CONSCRIPTION ON IRELAND.

A cable dispatch to the New York World the first of May stated that a deputation from the national executives of the British Labor Party and the Trades Union Congress had called on the Premier and had remonstrated against the government's plan to have conscription in Ireland without the consent of the Irish Parliament.

J. H. Thomas, M P., an English labor leader and Secretary of the British Railway Men's Executive Board, just back from Ireland, gave his personal impressions of the situation to the Premier, who merely promised to consider the representations made to him.

Cardinal Logue, interviewed by the Manchester Guardian, absolutely repudiated the suggestion of the London Times in its editorials threatening a "no Popery" movement in England owing to the opposition of the Irish Catholic Bishops to conscription. He said their action was in no way influenced by the Vatican. Asked whether the "no Popery" cry was likely to injure the church, the Cardinal said:

"Not a bit of it, but if it is persisted in it might do harm to the Allies. Leaving out of account the Irish and Continental Catholics fighting on the side of the Allies, I am told 40 per cent of the American soldiers are Catholics either of Irish birth or descent, and it is a stupid thing in England to raise such a foolish, false issue. The Catholics see through it, but, all the same, would like it to stop."

Asked if there was any chance of a settlement by Home Rule the Cardinal shook his head and said nothing he had heard gave him ground for real hope that the new Home Rule will be satisfactory to a great majority of Irishmen. The Dublin correspondent of The World, writing on the action of the Bishops, says:

"The Bishops are a very big factor in the situation. It is all nonsense for the London papers to talk of their imposing a resistance policy on the people. They have merely got into line with the people, who were bound to take some such action if only to checkmate the extreme Sinn Feiners, who would quickly carry the people into the wildest courses."

HOW THE WAR PROMOTES CHRISITIAN UNITY.

By Rev. Roy B. Guild, Executive Secretary, Commission on Inter-Church Federations of the Federal Council.

The determination of the churches in large cities to deal effectively and unitedly with community problems which have been made more serious by the war has resulted in the rapid advance in the church federation movement. Inactive federations have come to life, new federations have been formed, executive secretaries are being called for faster than they can be secured.

After a steady campaign of education the churches of Norfolk, Virginia, have been mobilized. A financial campaign has just come to a close in which pledges for two years amounting to over four thousand dollars have been secured. The presence of fifty thousand soldiers, sailors, aviators and navy yard employes in that district required such a campaign.

Youngstown, Ohio, has organized a federation and will have an executive secretary, June 1st. Akron, Ohio, is completing the mobilization of the churches. The new St. Paul Federation conducted its financial campaign, April 22 to 29. Johnstown, Pa., revived its federation and has had a secretary for six months. Omaha, Nebraska, has completed plans for securing funds to carry on the work under executive leadership.

For several years there has been a federation of churches in Philadelphia. Not much has been done except by the Committee on Social Service. At the last annual meeting, the Rev. Carl E. Grammar, rector of St Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church, was elected president. For the next few months, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Berg, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Dr. Grammar will supply the executive leadership as "his bit" in war service. At a recent luncheon $2,000.00 was raised in a few minutes to finance the federation until October, by which time the most capable executive secretary who can be secured will be employed. There are now about thirty federations having salaried secretaries.

The most serious problem of the Commission on Inter-Church Federations of the Federal Council is the obtaining of these secretaries. It is expected that the Summer School on the Principles and Methods of Inter-Church Work which is to be held at Lake Geneva in June and July will help meet this need. Judging from the reports received from chaplains and ministers in Y. M. C. A. work, there will be many earnest, capable men who at the close of the war will give their lives to this program of practical and immediately possible Christian Unity.

Every day brings every person some opportunity that will not come again. A great deal depends upon recognizing that daily chance. Those who are blind to it, miss beautiful things that could be theirs. Once missed, no power can bring them back again. But each young man or woman can cultivate the keen glance which discerns the shining of opportunity.—Great Thoughts.

CENSUS FIGURES SHOWING INCREASE OF CHURCH MEMBERSHIP DURING TEN YEARS.

The religious census figures just released by the Bureau of the Census show some interesting and significant things regarding what has taken place in the religious life of the country during the past ten years.

The outstanding facts are as follows:

	1906	1916	Per cent of Inc.
Church Organizations	212,230	228,067	7.
Church Members	*35,068,058	42,044,374	19.9
Ministers	164,830	191,722	16.
Sunday Schools	178,214	195,276	15.
Officers and Teachers	1,648,675	1,959,918	19.
Scholars	14,685,997	19,951,675	36.

*This figure has been changed to conform to the 1916 method of determining membership in the Catholic Church.

The comparatively small increase in the number of denominations is encouraging as indicating the general tendency toward consolidation rather than expansion. Sixteen of those denominations reported in 1906 have either consolidated or dropped out, and twenty-nine small groups are recorded which were in existence in 1906 but had not then been brought to light.

In the matter of membership, the Catholics report the largest number—37.4 per cent of the total. But it should be remembered that their method of counting numbers is different from that practiced in most Protestant churches, the term "member" being applied to all baptized persons, including infants. On this basis, the increase in the number of church members for all denominatons, during the ten-year period, is 19.9 per cent. Counting only Protestants the rate is 26 per cent.

It is a fact worth noting in this connection that, in comparison with the above figures, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, which is made up principally of the old established churches which do not ordinarily grow as rapidly as young denominations, shows, among its thirty constituent bodies, an increase in church members of 30 per cent, as against 19.9 per cent for all denominations.

Besides the Catholics, there are eight other denominations for each of which more than 1,000,000 members were reported in 1916. They were:

Baptists (Notrthern Convention)	1,227,448
Baptists (Southern Convention)	2,711,591
Baptists (National Convention-Colored)	3,018,341
Disciples of Christ	1,231,404
Methodist Episcopal	3,718,396
Methodist Episcopal South	2,108,061
Presbyterians in the U. S. A.....	1,613,056
Protestant Episcopal	1,098,173

These eight denominations, together with the Catholics, form 77.2 per cent of the entire membership reported for all religious bodies in 1916.

The disturbing feature of these membership statistics is that the total increase of 19.9 per cent just about keeps pace with the increase in population. The Protestant increase of 26 per cent has bettered this record slightly. But there is no indication that the percentage of church members to the total population has been very materially increased.

Contentment is consistent with all sorts of progress, physical, mental, spiritual. It is not a dead level, a dead calm, a dead state. If it were then the grave would be the only place of ideal content. But it is a poise of soul in all its activities and in all its aspirations which never fears and never frets.—George H. Bridgman.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

The earth is full of anger,
  The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
  Go up against our path;
Ere yet we loose the legions—
  Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
  Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
  Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
  We seek Thy mercy now!
The sinner that foreswore Thee,
  The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
  Lord, grant us strength to die!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
  E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
  Help Thou our host today!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
  In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
  Lord God of Battles, hear!

—Kipling.

SIXTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The meeting was held last week in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley and was one of high standards and values from beginning to end.

Not often has there been a program which contained so much of general worth and inspiration.

The Editor has had to hurry away very soon after the work of getting out The Pacific last week almost a day later than usual, so as to get to Pasadena to attend the meeting of the Southern Conference, and has not been able to give detailed report. Arrangements were made to print three addresses or papers this week: "The State of the Churches," by Superintendent Rathbone; "A County for a Parish," by the Rev. H. E. Anderson; and in part the one by the Rev. H. M. Bowman concerning the Modoc County Indians. Saturday the latter had been lost somewhere in the printing office, and at this writing had not been found, though diligent search had been made for it. It may accordingly be delayed until next week.

Inquiry at the office of the superintendent disclosed the fact that the scribe had not yet turned over the minutes, so it was impossible to get the resolutions and names of the persons appointed on committees, and certain business transactions for publication this week as desired. And so as the time draws near for the Editor to start for Southern California this hurried article is written, arrangements made for the publication of conference papers as herein indicated and further report postponed until next week.

Not for many years has the Southern California Conference followed the Northern closely, as this year. This came about by the change of the time for the Northern from October to May—something, we understand, only temporary. For two years the meetings had been held in places so distant from the center that the attendance was small. One reason for advancing the date this year was

that the gap between well-attended meetings might be lessened a little. Then, too, at one time it was thought that a Pacific Coast Congress would be held in one of the bay cities in May or June this year and that it might be advisable to have this conference meeting a part thereof. And so, in one way and another the date became finally fixed for May instead of October.

The prevailing thought seems to be that October is preferable generally—that a date in May comes too near the summer vacation; that the inspiration of a Conference is better carried along into the church work in the fall of the year than in the spring.

EPIGRAMS.

By Hugh Elmer Brown.

Why the woe, but also why the goodness of the world.

The joy of life is in the fruitful exercise of faculty.

People are what they eat, plus what they crave.

There is no "human flivver" in the eyes of God.

Beauty gives us a sense of eternity; it is a flash of the life of God.

Thousands wait eagerly for the crucifixion of denominational pride.

Satan smiles broadly when churches start in to compete with one another like rival jitneys.

The gospel is not a special by-law for this planet; it is for all worlds or none.

God speaks to the souls of men through the magic suggestiveness of noble music.

Getting hold of some men is like trying to pick up quicksilver.

It is the quality of a church that alone matters; quantity will take care of itself.

Some of the most powerful churches in Christian history have been feeble in numbers.

The influence of a city on the life of the world is hardly a matter of size and bulk. Consider Jerusalem, Athens and Oxford.

There are always charming oppositions in all great work; on these, men hone the razors of achievement.

The frills and ruffles of religion are going up the chimney now like the embers of paper.

Covet the heart of a lover, the eyes of a prophet and the courage of a martyr.

Man will never believe that he can be chucked with clods; he feels that God will treat the worst man better than that.

You are more apt to take better care of the property if you have a long lease.

Let us talk less about the brevity of life and preparing for death and more about the brevity of death and preparing for endless life.

Jesus did not come to frighten men into the Kingdom of God, but to invite them. He carried a lantern and not a club.

If you can get men to set their life in the quiet light of eternity you can leave your auto standing unlocked on the street and find it there when you come back.

The morale at Camp Lewis is in direct inspirational connection with "Over There." The morals of men likewise find immeasurable support in Easter's "Over There."

"Gone West" is Tommy's name for death. Couple the thought with Horace Greely's "Young man, go West." West spells opportunity, absence of fossilized tradition, creative work and raw material in abundance. So conceive the next life.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Several weeks ago the Rev. C. C. Champlin resigned as pastor at Pittsburgh. But the people have refused to let him go, and are rallying to the work with renewed zeal. Recently the salary was increased $300.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity will have no meeting next Monday. There will be a union meeting at which Dr. Sidney Gulick and Dr. George W. Nasmyth will speak on questions relating to and growing out of the war.

The Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Boyton of New York City, one of the leading Congregational ministers in the United States will be on the Pacific Coast in June and will give addresses under the auspices of the National Committee on the Moral Aims of the War.

We commend for wide reading the report by Superintendent Rathbone of the Northern California Congregational Conference, read at the annual meeting last week in Berkeley, and which is given in the main in The Pacific this week. It is a graphic presentation of what has been done and is being done within the bounds of the conference and visions the future.

If the Rev. G. A. Charnock is not already on the way to France he will be very soon. Although past the age limit Mr. Charnock showed so great fitness in every way for the Y. M. C. A. work on the battle-front that he was commissioned for it. Donald, the son, is with the 115th engineers still at Camp Kearny, and Mrs. Charnock and daughter are in San Diego residing at 1148 A street.

The Rev. George Irving, formerly of Claremont, California, where he was engaged in religious work among the students, now Editor of The North American Students, is in France at present, representing the Canadian Council of Young Men's Christian Associations in work among the Canadian soldiers. Soon after his arrival in England he wrote: "I must confess to being almost overwhelmed by the terrible ease with which men can have liquor and its accompanying evils." Mr. Irving writes also of what he calls "the boundless opportunity to witness for Christ among the men of the army. He says that one never gets away from it; that "at every turn of the road one sees both indescribable need and immeasurable openings for spiritual service."

The Rev. W. H. Youngman, pastor of the Congregational Church at Alturas, in Modoc county, sent to The Pacific a few weeks ago his personal check for $8, asking that the paper be sent to thirty-two families connected with the church at that place for such time as that among of money would make possible. Mr. Youngman wrote that he had found The Pacific so helpful in varied ways that he wished his people to become acquainted with it. He told the persons to whom the paper was to be sent what he had done and why and stated that toward the expiration of those short subscriptions he would urge them to subscribe personally for The Pacific. Here's our hand to you, Mr. Youngman! And our heart also!

The essence of chivalry is to look out for the little ones. Wherever a child can be helped, wherever a stranger can be guided, or a friend who is shy be set at ease, wherever a weak brother can be saved from falling and its shame, wherever an old man's step can be made easy, wherever a servant's position can be dignified in his eyes, is the chance for chivalry to show itself.—W. C. Gannett.

GRADUATION EXERCISES OF THE PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION.

The Pacific School of Religion sent forth a class of eleven persons this year—a fine lot of young men, well-equipped for the work of the ministry.

Those receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity were: Alexander Nicolaos Angelon, Charles Louis Atkins, Hugh Baker, Harley Hayes Gill, William Donald MacDonald, Samuel Nagata, Kojiro Unoura; and the Rev. Harry Pressfield, to whom a diploma was given last year.

Diplomas were conferred on the following named persons this year: Edwin Percival Baker, Koon Hoi Chiu, Robert Douglas Collyer, Frederick William Morrison.

Other degrees conferred were: To the Rev. Yasso Takesaki, a graduate of the Pacific School of Religion in 1907, the degree of Master of Sacred Theology. On the Rev. Mr. Fry, pastor of the Methodist South Church, Berkeley, there was conferred also the degree of Master of Sacred Theology; and the Rev. Byron H. Stauffer of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The anniversary address was given by the Rev. Dr. Cornelius Patton, Secretary of the American Board, on "The World Situation and the Church's Opportunity."

Following this inspiring address came the parting words to the graduating class by President Nash—a brief, thoughtful, deeply spiritual message, suited to the day in which we are now living and to the young men for which it was especially intended.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

May 5 and 6 were notable days with the Logan Heights Congregational Church in San Diego, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the ministry of the Rev. E. E. P. Abbott. On Sunday morning Mr. Abbott preached a sermon which those who heard will not soon forget. In the evening Rev. John L. Mailes of Los Angeles, a long time friend, preached a memorial sermon, supplemented by remarks by laymen.

Monday evening saw the church well filled with friends, all the Congregational churches in the county being represented. The occasion was one of those rare times to be remembered with unmixed delight. Everything was unlocked, and a flow of good wishes, with unstinted praise for the man whom all who know him love, filled an evening of sweet Christian kindness such as seldom witnessed. There was not a discordant note, nor a thought of praise held back. Churches which he has served all reported "we all love him." Absent friends wrote in veins that touched the top of high esteem and affection. By brother ministers he was called a minister's minister, and a note of gratitude for help and inspiration was very emphatic. His scholarship and wide, wise reading were on all hearts and found constant expression. His life has been one of the white, fine sort, and the testimony to this fact was cummulative and convincing. From his first pastorate half a century ago came the word that his influence is still recognized there and was confirmed from several sources. Vermont, Iowa, California, have all felt the help of his presence and work.

The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Hannaford, presided at the feast, and Rev. Mr. Reid, late pastor, spoke in unstinted praise of Mr Abbott as a parishioner. The broken alabaster boxes will long decorate the Logan Heights meeting house, and the odor of the ointment make the place precious. If speakers could have found words stronger than they used they would have found a place. Names have been omitted, there were so many, and not one failed to reach the highest point.

Mr. Abbott was quite overwhelmed by the flood of appreciation and courteously conceded the sincerity of his friends while questioning their accuracy.

In a home where tireless affection ministers to him he faces the evening of life with all lights shining bright and clear. E. S. H.

BOULEVARD CHURCH.

Two Sundays of keen interest: May 5—a service of appreciation on the second anniversary of Mr. Orr's pastorate; sermon by Supt. L. D. Rathbone. May 12th—Rev. H. H. Wikoff gave us three reasons why we should build churches in war time, and then led the members present to pledge enough to pay the Building Society, $150 on our obligation to the Society.

We have received twenty new members since January first. Saturday, May 11th, the Sunday-school enjoyed a picnic at Lakeside Park, which is at the north end of Lake Merritt. Pupils, parents and teachers met at the Boat House and were taken in a large steam launch to the Park. It was a perfect day in all respects.

A COMMISSIONING SERVICE.

Last Sunday morning in the First Congregational Church of Oakland, Secretary Kelsey of the American Board conducted a Missionary Commissioning Service—thus sending forth to work at Foochow, China, the Rev. W. H. Topping and wife. For three years Mr. Topping was a teacher in Foochow College. Desiring additional preparation for mission work he came home, took the three years' course of study in Union Theological Seminary, had one year in the pastorate, and now goes back to Foochow. Mrs. Topping is an exceptionally well-qualified trained nurse. All in all the missionary forces at Foochow are to be congratulated in this accession.

SERVICE IN QUIET PATHS.

I shall not count my life as vain,
If only in some quiet way
I find my chance to serve my Lord,
My debt of love for him to pay.

An unnamed man supplied the room
Where once the Saviour broke the bread,
And gave the wine—His flash and blood—
His life—by which our lives are fed.

An unnamed man supplied the beast,
Whereon the lowly Saviour passed
Along the way triumphantly,
Himself acclaimed as King at last.

And unnamed graves shall mark the spot
Where common soldiers chance to lie,
Who for the world's true brotherhood
A sacrifice—feared not to die.

O grant me, Lord, the grace, I pray,
If I the quiet paths must lead,
To give my humble gift to Thee,
And know I, too, have met thy need.

—P. H. Ralph, in Wisconsin Congregational Church Life.

We are punished not so much for our sin, as by our sin.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.
Prayer-meeting every Wednesday morning at 10 a. m. at Headquarters. Everybody most cordially welcomed.

On account of the meetings of the Northern California Conference held last week in Berkeley, the prayer-meeting at the Board rooms was omitted.

An Arizona Tour.

The board had deemed it wise that Miss Elizabeth Benton, our office secretary, should visit the churches of Arizona on her way East, where she has gone to extend her knowledge of Board work for the next three months. The result was a three weeks' tour of Arizona, "the land of the mid-night train" at a time which proved to be the psychological moment in many instances.

The reason back of the board's decision for the tour was the report that the women of Arizona had organized themselves into a Branch of the W. B. M. P. at the meeting of the Arizona Conference held at Tucson last March. It is a fact that such an organization was contemplated and Mrs. James L. Felton of Tempe had attended the Conference prepared and intending to carry it through; but upon her arrival Secretary Moore had suggested waiting to consider the advisability of forming a Union organization for both home and foreign missionary work. His suggestion was strengthened by letters from Mrs. Hastings Hart, president of the Congregational Woman's Home Missionary Federation, and Mrs. F. G. Estabrook of Denver, encouraging such a Union and furnishing details for plans of organization. Therefore steps at that time were taken for only a tentative organization, and at next year's Conference the women wil be thoroughly prepared and educated to organize a State Missionary Union. In the meantime societies can be formed and work commenced along all lines.

Miss Benton's visit to the churches at this initial period was exceedingly timely, and productive of much interest and valuable in suggestion and information. She writes with pleasure and appreciation of the courtesy and cordiality that were delightfully extended to her wherever she went. She visited Phoenix, Tempe, Nogales, Tombstone, Tucson and Prescott.

At Phoenix the pastor of the Congregational church, Rev. J. Spencer Voorhees, late of La Jolla, California, cordially extended the hospitality of his home. He and his wife came from New England only two years ago. The church is young and small as yet, but is being finely organized, Mrs. Voorhees giving splendid leadership to the woman's societies. The Sunday before Miss Benton's visit the parish house had been dedicated, and this for the present will also be the meeting place of the church.

A stage-ride to Tempe brought Miss Benton into communication with Mrs. Felton, whom it was a pleasure to know as the president of the new organization. They held a valuable conference, going over the suggested constitutions for state organization and auxiliaries. A missionary society already exists at Tempe, organized by Mrs. Hand. Rev. Mr. Douglass, the present pastor, has but recently assumed charge of the church. A very cordial feeling exists amongst the various churches of the town and Miss Benton suggested interdenominational mission study classes to create interest, relying on the educational material for the Sunday-school to be used very widely and thoroughly in our Congregational church to develop our special work.

At Nogales a cordial welcome was accorded, and the pastor, Rev. Frederic J. Stoetzel, insisted that the visiting secretary should take over the morning service. The church is planning to exceed its apportionment, not counting what the women may do. "What a fruitful field for Trank-offering propaganda!" exclaims Miss Benton. A second opportunity to speak was given her the following afternoon, when she filled in "with the things I had forgotten to say Sunday morning." The young pastor's bride is the daughter of Mrs. J. F. Evernden, the president of the Florida Home Missionary Union. Mrs. Evernden is planning to spend the summer in Nogales and will be able to give much practical advice in these formative days of missionary planning.

Upon arrival at Tombstone our itinerant found that the pastors of Tombstone and Pearce lived there side by side, thus she was afforded an opportunity to confer with them together. In Tombstone a great calamity has befallen the town in the closing down of the manganese and silver mine. It has paralyzed the country and makes the outlook gloomy. The pastor, Rev. Charles W. Stark, two years away from Iowa, is a man of sympathetic temperament and welcomed the prospect of reviving missionary interest amongst his parishioners. Rev. Arthur J. Benedict, pastor of the Pearce church, is an Amherst man and he and his wife hail from New England. The two pastors arranged for a Wednesday evening meeting, and though the audience was not large, the amount of interest shown was inspiring to the speaker. Practical suggestions as to use of study books, etc., were especially welcomed, and literature was ordered on the spot.

The work of the Tucson church is well developed under Rev. Arie Binkhorst; he and his wife are Michigan born and bred and ardent Congregationalists. A fine new church and parsonage are the result of three years of hard work in a difficult field. The new plant is near the State University, which adds to its breadth of horizon. The pastor's ideal is for a paid woman worker, who should conduct a kindergarten in the church in the morning, and work up the Sunday-school among the University girls in the afternoon. Mr. Binkhorst declared that Miss Benton had come at the psychological moment. Her meeting with the ladies was most encouraging, and she is hoping that two of them may come to Asilomar this summer. "Please pray that they may," she adds.

At Prescott it was a disappointment to find that the pastor, Rev. J. H. Batten, was away, so arrangements could not be made for a meeting; but the women of Prescott have been contributing to Foreign Missions for years, so there is not the need there for ground work as in some of the other churches. Here, too, Miss Benton accomplished what she had been commissioned to do—the securing of a treasurer for the new organization. Mrs. Drake is the one upon whom the choice fell, as one possessed of fine qualifications, a railroad pass and a daughter who lives in Phoenix. These last two assets are valuable as they make possible and probable the keeping in touch with the auxiliaries of other centers.

Miss Benton wisely stopped off at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to confer with Rev. J. H. Heald, the Home Missionary Superintendent of Congregational churches in Arizona and New Mexico. Mr. Heald and his wife sustained the record which Miss Benton had pronounced upon the pastors and their wives she had met in Arizona—"charming, cultured people." They listened sympathetically and welcomed this woman's work as a bond of fellowship which would more closely unite the churches in their charge. "Give us time," was Mr. Heald's plea as he realized that the idea of giving money to foreign missions before one's own debts are paid could be good business, must be a matter of slow growth.

Miss Benton next entrained for Chicago; and here endeth the first chapter of our traveling-office-secretary's experiences.

The Home.

WHEN SORROW COMES.

When Sorrow comes, the blessed way,
To make life easier to bear,
Is to immerse our very selves
In care for others everywhere,
When Sorrow comes.

When Sorrow comes, we must forget
The pleasant habits that we had.
Lay them away in lavender
And live in trying to be glad,
When Sorrow Comes.

When Sorrow comes, we will believe
That love will surely make all right,
That we shall have our own again,
At evening time it shall be light,
When Sorrow comes.

When Sorrow comes, if we uplift
A grateful heart for what was lent,
God, and the loved and lost, and you
Enter a heavenly sacrament,
When Sorrow comes.
—Harriet Spofford, in Christian Endeavor World.

WHAT WEARS THOUSANDS OF US OUT.

By William S. Sadler, M.D.

The world is full of nervous, fidgety people, who, while they are not victims of any definite mental or moral obsession, keep themselves everlastingly busy and wear themselves out with habits and fears that are wholly useless and unnecesary.

One man cannot sit down, for instance, without constantly tapping his foot on the floor. Another will twist his mustache, or stroke his hair or play with it. I know one man who cannot sit down a moment without starting up a drumming with his feet on the floor, or else he will beat an incessant tattoo with his hands on the chair. Another man is everlastingly fixing his clothes or adjusting his necktie. All these needless and useless maneuvers constitute a tremendous nervous and vital drain on the constitution: there is a constant leakage of nervous force and muscular energy.

How We Undermine Our Nerves.

One young business woman I know is constantly clearing her throat. Almost every minute this goes on. Another girl engages in incessant coughing, purely nervous coughing. Numerous cases of nervous breakdown from worry, etc., are due to just this sort of useless extravagance. No constitution can long stand to be drained by these vital leakages and obsessions. Sooner or later the strongest nervous system is undermined, the vitality of the individual effectively sapped, and the resultant catastrophe strikes: there occurs either a "blowup" or a "breakdown."

Now these habits gradually wear what are called "nerve-paths," which, as they are worn deeper and deeper, cause a given habit to become more and more strongly fastened on the person who encourages them. This frequent repetition of nervous impulses passing over the same path, serving to wear the nervous groove deeper and deeper, is the same as the frequent walking over a lawn until sooner or later a deep path is worn across the sod.

The Obsessions That Take Hold of Us.

It is amazing how many forms these "nerve-paths" will take and the results they will show in the person. Some get the habit of living in constant slavery to fashion. They become literal slaves to the fear of man and the conventional way of doing things. I have a friend who is simply killing himself with the obsession that he must carry through everything that he undertakes—at any cost. His life is devoted to "carrying things through."

Others are obsessed with the notion that they must set other people right, of reforming the world. These people live in a constant state of worry and irritation because their petty hobbies do not gain the recognition which they think their schemes deserve.

Certain sensitive and self-centered nervous people get the notion into their heads that they are being terribly persecuted; they fancy themselves living a life of perpetual martyrdom. They are victims of constant imaginary sufferings and fictitious slights. It would seem that some individuals really come to learn to love this life of the false martyr.

I know one man who has made life unbearable for himself and family because of his ever-present obsessing ideas that he must accept no favors, allow no one to assist him, be under obligations to nobody. These ideas have brought him almost to the verge of a form of insanity, so that he is practically unwelcome today in all circles.

The Folks Who Are "Rushed to Death."

Some unfortunate souls have got into a chronic habit of believing themselves "constantly rushed." It makes no difference where or when you meet them, "they are simply rushed to death"; "haven't time to think"; "so glad to see you, but haven't time to talk it over now," etc. It really makes one nervous simply to meet them on the stree. They seem to have a sort of psychic Saint Vitus' Dance.

This unnecessary and abnormal rushing through life is generally due to exaggerated ideas of one's self-importance, or sometimes it is due to an overestimation of the importance of the work they are doing. Most of us need indeed to learn to take ourselves less seriously, and even some ought to learn to take their work less seriously. It was a wise mother who said to her nervous daughter: "My child, you cannot possibly exaggerate the unimportance of things."

Can These Habits Be Changed?

Now it will be asked, Can habits such as these be changed? Yes; in fact, it is the easiest thing in the world to overcome them. The way is twofold: either by stopping the habit itself or by substituting another in place of it. And here is where the mind, or the will, comes in; any eradication of a habit or the formation of a new one demands the absolute co-operation of the will: the complete making up of one's mind to do the thing in question. It next requires that the body itself shall be set in operation in the desired direction of forming the new habit. New thoughts must be formulated and actually placed in command of the mind. The new actions must be executed with decision and regularity. The new habit must repeatedly and persistently be wrought out through the physical body.

We Become What We Want to Be.

Character is simply the finished product of our mental habits. "As a man thinketh, so is he." We can never become anything except what we desire and expect to become, and it is equally true that we actually do become what we expect and desire to be. Character is not mightily influ-

enced by wishing, but it is wholly and absolutely controlled by willing. The physical character of the individual is determined not only by the hereditary start, but also by the suggestive environment surrounding the individual from earliest infancy to old age.

While certain dominant strains of the character are acquired by heredity, environment exerts by far the greatest influence upon the evolution of character. Environment is able even to modify and practically change numerous hereditary traits of character.

Faith Instead of Fear.

The upbuilding of a strong character or the rebuilding of the misformed character is largely a matter of controlling the environment, mastering the realm of thought and placing it under proper mental influences. The overthrow of fear and the coronation of faith upon the mental throne of one's inner life will result in such a transformation of thought as eventually to change the whole habit, life and character of the individual.

If such marvelous transformations of character are possible by the exercise of purely mental influences, what limitations can be placed upon the possibilities of character transformation when the mental forces, in addition to their own marvelous influence upon the body, are re-enforced and directed by the limitless resources of the spiritual powers and the moral agencies within the soul. When the human mind is focused, concentrated and strongly directed by a positive will, and this is all backed up and re-enforced by the infinite power of the indwelling spiritual forces and the mighty will of the Divine Mind, who can limit the power and possibilities vested in the intellectual and moral forces of the human mind? And so we see that faith tends to lift up and deliver one from unwholesome habits and depressing bondage, while fear casts down and condemns the individual to repeated defeat and lifelong bondage to heredity and habit.

Wry Fear-Thought is So Dangerous.

Where fear-thought is so dangerous is because it not infrequently comes to be disguised in the role of forethought. Worry frequently robs us of our happiness while it masquerades in the name of discretion, carefulness and conservatism. The common practice of repressing fear, doubt, suspicion and worry will never lead to their overthrow. These passions and emotions will accumulate until the nervous tension is greatly increased and the blood pressure is enormously raised. The proper method of removing these mental states is to surrender the mind to their opposites, to displace fear by faith, to dispel doubts by trust, to replace worry with confidence, cheerfulness and happiness.

THE COLLECTING BUG.

"Such rubbish as that boy brings in! I don't know what to do with it, or with him. First it was spools—empty spools; then it was rocks. And it has been every kind of stuff you can imagine. I simply cannot keep his pockets cleared out or his room in order. Just now it is postage stamps. Are all boys like that, or is my boy training to be a junk dealer?"

How many times we have heard mothers in mock despair for the orderliness of their houses ask this question!

Of course all boys are like that—all normal boys. This passion for collecting things seems to be a racial instinct, perhaps even an animal instinct. Your child may be passing through the evolution-stage of the squirrel, or the crow that gathers in her nest bits of colored glass and crockery. Nobody really knows the origin or meaning of the tendency, but collect the child must, and if we are wise mothers we will meet the thing halfway, and give the lad a cabinet or closet in which to preserve his treasures.

Don't think of such a thing as scorning or throwing away these treasures. As time goes on he will do his own throwing away. It may even be that the collection will prove to be valuable on its own account. Adapt yourself to the development, as you would to any other, and use it for your boy's education. Help him to do it with purpose and intelligence; the mere drill in orderliness of arrangement, labelling, etc., is worth all it costs.

Where would be our museums if some one had not had the passion for collecting? Civilization places high value upon the vast buildings full of objects machinery, works of art, manuscripts, relics of primitive ages, specimens of animal and vegetable life and mineral forms gathered by men who once, no doubt, drove their mothers distracted by their habit of cluttering up the house with all manner of stuff.

This curious collecting "bug" appears very early in the normal childhood, and is most interesting to watch as it develops from crude beginnings into perfection in the wonderful collections of ceramics, tapestries, paintings, books, treasured for and given to the public by the J. P. Morgans of grown-up days.

A little girl I used to know could not resist the desire to pick up every bit of bright paper that she saw lying about, even if it were a cigar-band thrown aside by a passer-by. She was only three years old, and soon we made her happy by a box of colored kindergarten paper; I knew that it was not quite the same as adventuring along the streets, collecting these things for herself. Little boys pick up sticks and stones, round pebbles, fascinating shells, and lichens, lucky-stones, and whatnot, and presently the same thing comes out again when they are studying geology and other sciences.

Never discourage this tendency in your children; get yourself interested in it, talk with them about their collections, help them to add to them in an intelligent way. Even if the form it takes seems hopelessly silly, the best way to turn it into other channels is to go along with it, and lead it into a more useful sort of activity.

One boy I know collected corks; it seemed a useless kind of enterprise, except that he always could supply the family with a good cork to replace a broken one. But that boy could tell at a glance whether a cork came from southern Europe, North Africa, Spain, or Portugal, the age of the tree from which it was cut, and the time of year. Out of that grew an interest in the geography of the countries concerned, and the last I heard of him he was traveling about the world as a buyer of cork.

The collecting instinct needs guidance not only in order to make the best use of it, but to prevent its taking the form of mere hoarding for its own sake. There is a point at which the desire to collect money, the perfectly proper and eminently commendable beginnings of thrift, runs off toward miserliness, that meanest of human vices. But this is a rare thing in children, and usually when it appears it can be accounted for by some discoverable influence in the environment which ought to be corrected or banished.

Various elements enter into the love for collecting, and all of them are useful: Comparison and judgment of quality, size, form, color, variety, purity, utility, age, perfection of workmanship; the appreciation of these cultivates accuracy of observation, discrimination in attributes, sense of form and color, criticism of technique. There is a legitimate pride in ownership and in the growth and relative completeness of the collection.

A friend of mine has a wonderful collection of theatre

programmes, begun by his father in the sixties. It seemed a trivial business, no doubt, when it was begun, but it hardly needs argument to prove that here is represented in large measure the history of the drama in the United States. Another friend, a political writer, has a series of badges and admission tickets used at all of the great national political conventions in the United States during the past generation. What a story they tell to one who studies them with intelligence! Along with them is a lot of others, medals issued in connection with special celebrations, expositions, opening of great buildings, dedication of monuments, visits of distinguished foreign commissions, etc. Some of these will be priceless historic treasures in the years to come.

Collections of bird skins and eggs, butterflies, fossils, snake-skins, plants, crystals, mineral speciments, and shells all offer opportunity for out-of-door activities of the most wholesome sort, as well as keen mental activity, and a child cannot go far in this kind of enterprise without being obliged to open books that otherwise would be unknown to him. Then, too, if he gets far with it, he gets into correspondence for purposes of comparison and exchange; he makes acquaintance with the scientists who are always glad to welcome the newcomer in the field.

Incidentally, he may bring about the return of youth and mental alertness to his father and mother, if they are not hopelessly ossified! Are you letting your children pass out of your scope of interest?—Prudence Bradish in New York Post.

For The Children.

HOW BROWN BIDDY'S NEST WAS FOUND.

Bess came flying into the kitchen with her basket of eggs.

"There's seventeen today, Debby, and Grampa thinks the old brown hen has stole a nest in the barn, 'cause she flies right out of the hen-yard every time she's in there, and then he keeps a-hearin' her 'ca-dah-cut-in' round the barn. And Grampa says if Jack or I can find the nest he'll give us two cents apiece for every egg in it. Jack's awful sorry he let the spotted calf out of the pen Friday, 'cause Grampa said he must stay out of the barn a whole week for punishment, so he can't hurt till tomorrow. P'raps, if I find it and there's lots of eggs, I'll give Jack some pennies. And, O Debby! Do you s'pose there'll be enough to buy a darling little doll's cradle like Jennie Taylor's? O, I just can't wait! I'm going right out to hunt this very minute."

"Well, indeed you ain't, Miss Bessie," said Debby, decidedly. "Here's your hair not curled, and that dress a sight, and the minister coming to tea. And your grandma says partic'lar you're to have on your new pink gingham and behave like a little lady. So you come along with me and be dressed, and don't you go larrupin' round after no eggs, afterwards, neither."

"O dear!" grumbled Bessie. "You pull when you curl my hair, and I can't have any fun all starched up in clean clothes. And I just can't wait to look for those eggs.

Grandpa came in just in time to hear Bessie's lament, and said, cheerily: "Never mind little girl. Run along with Debby, and perhaps the brown hen will lay another egg while you're gone."

So Bess, who was, after all, a sunny-tempered little maid, tripped away with Debby to be washed and brushed. Half an hour later, in the starchy glories of pink gingham and white frills, she sat beside the doleful Jack, kicking her best buckled shoes against a clean bench outside the barn door. Both looked with longing eyes at the forbidden territory, but Jack never disobeyed Grandpa, and Bess had promised Debby to hunt no eggs till after tea.

"O, dear me! Jack," sighed Bess, "do you s'pose I'd be breaking my promise the least little teenty bit if I just went in the barn and sat in the swing till Debby calls us to tea?"

"Course not, you silly! You haven't got to stay out of the barn till tomorrow, and sitting in the swing isn't hunting for eggs. Don't see what fun there is in it, though, just going and sitting there. I know what I'd do, if only it was tomorrow, so I could go in."

"What would you do, Jack," queried Bess.

"Well, I'd go up that ladder and across the beam till I got over the haymow, and then I'd jump. It's most fifteen feet and it'd be ripping fun."

Bess clapped her hands. "Wouldn't it, though! I'm going to do it, too, first thing tomorrow morning."

"Shucks!" laughed Jack, "you daresn't; you'd be dizzy before you were half up the ladder. Girls can't climb, and they're 'fraid to jump."

"Why, Jack Winters! You know better! Didn't I climb 'way up the silver poplar after my black kitty, last week? And I'm no more afraid to jump than you."

"Well, you couldn't walk across the beam, anyway—you can't keep your balance well enough."

"I can, too," cried Bess, "I can keep my balance just as much as boys can, and I'd go right up and show you, if I hadn't promised Debby not to hunt for eggs."

"That's a great way to get out of it. You don't have to hunt for eggs every time you go up a ladder. That's just like a girl!" said naughty Jack.

This was too much for Bess. The words were barely out of Jack's mouth before Bess scurried across the barn floor and nimbly climbed the ladder—buckled shoes, ministers to tea, Debby and spotless ruffles were all forgotten in the wish to "just show Jack."

Now, she was really not a very wise little girl, for the beam was high above the bare floor and it was necessary to walk two or three yards before reaching a safe place over the hay. One misstep would mean broken bones and bruises; but Bess was dauntless. Although the beam looked very narrow, and the distance from the floor had certainly increased as she climbed the ladder, she started bravely across. Jack, half frightened, half admiring, watched, breathless, from the doorway. And, meanwhile, down in the hay, cuddled warmly over a nestful of eggs, sat the old brown biddy—so near the color of the hay that in the dimly lighted barn one could not tell which was hen and which was hay.

The perilous beam was safely crossed and with a sigh of relief Bess slid cautiously to a sitting posture to screw up her courage for the leap to the low mow, fifteen feet beneath her.

"What you waitin' for?" asked Jack, more relieved than Bess at her safety, but scorning to show it. "'Fraid to jump, now you've got there?"

"No, I ain't, Jack Winters," flashed Bess. "I'm just lookin' round for those eggs."

"See 'em anywhere?' Jack begun to ask, when he was interrupted by the well-known voice of Debby.

"Bessie! Jack! where are you? Whatever mischief are them young ones up to now?" Then as she reached the door her quick eyes spied Bess's yellow head against the rafters. "Well, Elizabeth Winters! With them new shoes

and that clean dress! Come right straight down from there this minute and don't you never"—

And Elizabeth came! With a little shriek and a flutter of pink gingham she shot downward to the hay, cutting short the startled Debby's scolding.

Then there was a piercing squawk, the air was filled with whir of wings, and brown biddy flapped madly, out of the barn and fled cakling across the yard to tell her feathered friends how she had escaped with her bare life from a pink and white avalanche; while Bess, in confused surprise, struggled to her feet only to lose her insecure footing in the hay and fall in a woeful heap on things that broke and crackled as they crushed beneath her into the mow—brown Biddy's nest of eggs!

She was rescued by Debby the indignant, and marched out into the light of day just in time to meet Grandpa and the minister coming out to see the cattle. Alas for the glories of gingham gown and buckled shoes! Never before did a dozen eggs such execution. A dab of yellow adorned Bess's tip tilted nose, bits of shell clung to her hair, while the dainty dress was daubed and plastered from ruffle to hem.

"Why, why, what's this ?"cried Grandpa.

"Is it a little girl or an omelet?" asked the minister.

"It's—it's just me," faltered Bess. "I f-found the brown hen's nest—that's all."

She was so frightened and so sorry that even Debby did not scold, and Grandpa laughed and promised Bess her pennies whenever she should be able to count the eggs. I need not say they were far past counting. But when he heard the whole story he looked serious, and showed the children how more than eggs might have been broken.

The old brown biddy stole her nest again in a safer place, and, six weeks later, came clucking about the yard with a brood of downy yellow chickens.—Anna M. Buzzell.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

Bounding like a football,
Kicking at the door,
Falling from the table top,
Sprawling on the floor;
Smashing cups and saucers,
Splitting dolly's head,
Putting little pussy cat
Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses,
Spoiling father's hat,
Hiding mother's bunch of keys
Underneath the mat;
Jumping on the fender,
Poking at the fire,
Dancing on his little legs—
Legs that never tire.

Making mother's heart leap
Fifty times a day,
Aping everything we do,
Every word we say;
Shouting, laughing, tumbling,
Roaring with a will;
Anywhere and everywhere,
Never, never still;
Present—bringing sunshine;
Absent—leaving night;
That's our precious darling,
That's our heart's delight.

The higher a little man is lifted the more he shrinks.

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